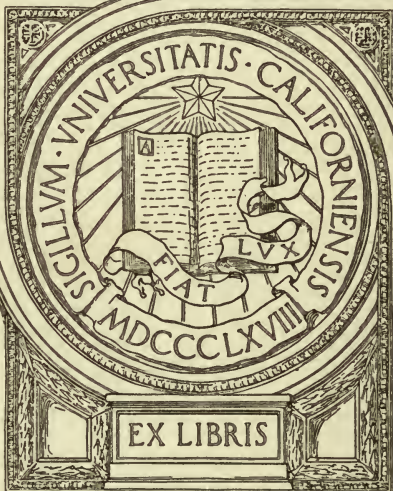


P S
3511
E56
C3
1912
MAIN

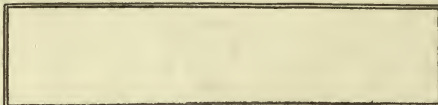
UC-NRLF



B 4 104 621



EX LIBRIS



Each's International Copyrighted (in England, her Colonies, and the United States) Edition of the
Works of the Best Authors

No. 401

THE CAT AND THE CHERUB

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By

C. B. FERNALD

Copyright, 1912, by Samuel French, Limited

CAUTION:—Professionals and Amateurs are hereby notified that this play is fully copyrighted under the existing laws of the United States Government, and nobody is allowed to produce this play without first having obtained written permission of Samuel French, 28 West 38th Street, New York City, U. S. A.



PRICE, 30 CENTS

NEW YORK

Samuel French

Publisher

28-30 West 38th Street

LONDON

Samuel French, Ltd.

26 Southampton Street

Strand

THE CAT AND THE CHERUB

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By

C. B. FERNALD.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY SAMUEL FRENCH, LIMITED

CAUTION:—Professionals and Amateurs are hereby notified that this play is fully copyrighted under the existing laws of the United States Government, and nobody is allowed to produce this play without first having obtained written permission of Samuel French, 28 West 38th Street, New York City, U. S. A.

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER

28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH LTD
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND

THE GREAT
AMERICAN

PS 3511
E56 C3
1912
MAIN

THE CAT AND THE CHERUB

Produced on October 30, 1897, at the Lyric Theatre,
London, with the following cast of characters :—

WING SHEE . . .	<i>Mr. Holbrook Blinn.</i>
CHIM FANG . . .	<i>Mr. Richard Ganthony.</i>
HOO KING . . .	<i>Mr. Frederick Volpé.</i>
WING SUN LUEY . .	<i>Mr. Edwin Morrison.</i>
AH YOI . . .	<i>Miss Ruth Benson.</i>
HWAH KWEE . . .	<i>Miss Alethea Luce.</i>
HOO CHEE. . .	<i>Miss Hilda Foster.</i>

THE CAT AND THE CHERUB

SCENE.—*A street in Chinatown, San Francisco (see plan). The buildings are of brick, generally of two storeys, much dilapidated. The woodwork, painted once in bright colours, has never been painted again and the colours are now dim and harmonious. The lower parts of the walls are more or less covered with red papers, bearing notices in black Chinese characters. Shop signs are in gold letters on a green or black background. Each door has a small red placard with a name in red letters. In front of each door half a large potato holds incense sticks, which are burning in honour of the New Year. Chinese lanterns suspended from various points. The entrance to Chim Fang's cellar may be either down a trap, with steps, or through a door at the same point. There is a light in the window of the gambling house, and in the window of Hoo King's house.*

SCENE I

Moonlight. Some men pass R.U. to L.U.

Men inside gambling den shout: "Ichi—ichi! Ni—ni! San—san! Shi—shi! Ichi—shee! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Some men cross L.U. to R.U.

Shouts and laughter repeated in gambling den.

Shriek of Opium Fiend heard from cellar.

Enter CHIM FANG, pushing OPIUM FIEND up cellar steps.

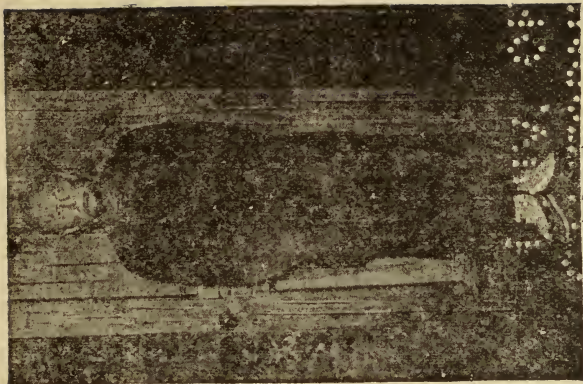
OPIUM FIEND. More opium! More opium! More——!!

CHIM FANG. Still! Still, you rat! I'll give you no more! Go smoke at Man Chow's—he has an iron cell for such as you! (*Throws him off L.*) Lie there, then! I'll have no more white men going mad in my place!

(Two men, followed by a woman, cross R.U. to L.U. CHIM FANG looks to house R.)

The Old Year's Night! What have I to thank the gods for on this Old Year's Night? My debts are double my ownings! (*Repeat shouts and laughter, as above; he turns towards source of them.*) Yes, if I had not played that game so often I, too, should have good clothes for the holidays. (*Turns to house R.*) And here they celebrate with rich food and wine and laughter. Make merry, Hoo King—rejoice that your son has passed six Old Year's Nights—though you be hated for your avarice. I could stuff that boy of yours into this hole beneath the street; I could make you pay my messenger a ransom for him! I do not fear your good-luck cat. (*AH YOI appears at window, R.*) I'd take the cat, too! (*Sees AH YOI; she draws back from sight.*) I wish I had that handsome niece of his. I'd make so profitable a slave of her that I should be a mandareen some day—back in my own Canton!

(Several men, as if from gambling den, cross L.U. to R.U. and exeunt. HWAH KWEE opens door R.; draws back at hearing them; enters when they are out of sight.) (Light out—window L.)



CHIN FANG



WING SHEE

117
 118
 119
 120
 121
 122
 123
 124
 125
 126
 127
 128
 129
 130
 131
 132
 133
 134
 135
 136
 137
 138
 139
 140
 141
 142
 143
 144
 145
 146
 147
 148
 149
 150
 151
 152
 153
 154
 155
 156
 157
 158
 159
 160
 161
 162
 163
 164
 165
 166
 167
 168
 169
 170
 171
 172
 173
 174
 175
 176
 177
 178
 179
 180
 181
 182
 183
 184
 185
 186
 187
 188
 189
 190
 191
 192
 193
 194
 195
 196
 197
 198
 199
 200
 201
 202
 203
 204
 205
 206
 207
 208
 209
 210
 211
 212
 213
 214
 215
 216
 217
 218
 219
 220
 221
 222
 223
 224
 225
 226
 227
 228
 229
 230
 231
 232
 233
 234
 235
 236
 237
 238
 239
 240
 241
 242
 243
 244
 245
 246
 247
 248
 249
 250
 251
 252
 253
 254
 255
 256
 257
 258
 259
 260
 261
 262
 263
 264
 265
 266
 267
 268
 269
 270
 271
 272
 273
 274
 275
 276
 277
 278
 279
 280
 281
 282
 283
 284
 285
 286
 287
 288
 289
 290
 291
 292
 293
 294
 295
 296
 297
 298
 299
 300
 301
 302
 303
 304
 305
 306
 307
 308
 309
 310
 311
 312
 313
 314
 315
 316
 317
 318
 319
 320
 321
 322
 323
 324
 325
 326
 327
 328
 329
 330
 331
 332
 333
 334
 335
 336
 337
 338
 339
 340
 341
 342
 343
 344
 345
 346
 347
 348
 349
 350
 351
 352
 353
 354
 355
 356
 357
 358
 359
 360
 361
 362
 363
 364
 365
 366
 367
 368
 369
 370
 371
 372
 373
 374
 375
 376
 377
 378
 379
 380
 381
 382
 383
 384
 385
 386
 387
 388
 389
 390
 391
 392
 393
 394
 395
 396
 397
 398
 399
 400
 401
 402
 403
 404
 405
 406
 407
 408
 409
 410
 411
 412
 413
 414
 415
 416
 417
 418
 419
 420
 421
 422
 423
 424
 425
 426
 427
 428
 429
 430
 431
 432
 433
 434
 435
 436
 437
 438
 439
 440
 441
 442
 443
 444
 445
 446
 447
 448
 449
 450
 451
 452
 453
 454
 455
 456
 457
 458
 459
 460
 461
 462
 463
 464
 465
 466
 467
 468
 469
 470
 471
 472
 473
 474
 475
 476
 477
 478
 479
 480
 481
 482
 483
 484
 485
 486
 487
 488
 489
 490
 491
 492
 493
 494
 495
 496
 497
 498
 499
 500
 501
 502
 503
 504
 505
 506
 507
 508
 509
 510
 511
 512
 513
 514
 515
 516
 517
 518
 519
 520
 521
 522
 523
 524
 525
 526
 527
 528
 529
 530
 531
 532
 533
 534
 535
 536
 537
 538
 539
 540
 541
 542
 543
 544
 545
 546
 547
 548
 549
 550
 551
 552
 553
 554
 555
 556
 557
 558
 559
 560
 561
 562
 563
 564
 565
 566
 567
 568
 569
 570
 571
 572
 573
 574
 575
 576
 577
 578
 579
 580
 581
 582
 583
 584
 585
 586
 587
 588
 589
 590
 591
 592
 593
 594
 595
 596
 597
 598
 599
 600
 601
 602
 603
 604
 605
 606
 607
 608
 609
 610
 611
 612
 613
 614
 615
 616
 617
 618
 619
 620
 621
 622
 623
 624
 625
 626
 627
 628

HWAH KWEE. Chim Fang, don't be angry with me. I could not come sooner. Hoo King watches us as if we were money!

CHIM FANG. You are! Did you get me Ah Yoi's fan?

HWAH KWEE. No!

CHIM FANG. You say this doctor's son gave Ah Yoi a fan, with love verses written on it. Let me show Hoo King that fan and we'll have no more doctors' sons gadding here. Hm—Wing Sun Luey—pretty boy! Get me that fan!

HWAH KWEE. I cannot! She is kind to me, Chim Fang; I cannot steal from her!

CHIM FANG. Stay here, then. I'll not run away with you. I'll not marry you. Stay and be a miserable slave and grow old—old—old! Will you get me that fan?

HWAH KWEE. Yes——!

(They hear some one approaching L.U. Exit HWAH KWEE, house R. CHIM FANG goes to cellar steps. Enter WING SHEE, L.U.)

CHIM FANG. The learned doctor walks late tonight. Most honourable friend, may the New Year bring you joys enough to kill your enemies with envy. *(Salutes with clasped hands.)*

WING SHEE *(salutes)*. My oft-proclaimed friend, may the New Year bring you every commodity you deserve.

CHIM FANG. I need all that *(ingratiatingly)*. Learned doctor, will you sit here? I would claim a favour of your friendship. Learned doctor, you who read the stars and hold communication with the gods, I would have a coal from the fire of your wit to warm my honesty. Will you sit here? *(They sit on bench.)* I hear a Street God coming. *(Enter Policeman, R.U.)* These blue monsters of the city flatten their noses on men's most private matters. I hate them!

WING SHEE. Why? Have we not our secret

courts of justice, our secret passages beneath the ground?

CHIM FANG. And I fear that I shall some day be brought before those courts—on charge of being too honest, learned doctor!—and therefore too poor! A word of wisdom on that, illustrious friend.

WING SHEE (*as the Policeman comes down*). Chim Fang, a wise saying is soon said. Look at the man whom lust of gold, of flesh, of power, makes glitter like false tinsel. Then look at his dead body. I tell you no such man has ever ended life, but—in the secret chambers of his mind and by the measure of his crimes (*exit Policeman, R.*)—he died in horrid fright.

CHIM FANG. Ugh! (*as he shivers and they rise*). How such a man might quake, when even I must shiver when you speak of it. Good-night, most learned friend (*as WING SHEE crosses R.*). I find good morals in an early bed. (*Exit, cellar.*)

WING SHEE. Take care you do not find them crawling out when you crawl in.

CHIM FANG (*his head appearing from steps*). I might prate more easily of virtue, if I had the gods corrupted on my side! (*Exit, steps.*)

(AH YOI *reappears at window R.*)

AH YOI. The learned Doctor Wing Shee! Surely I do no harm to speak to you, most wise and reverend!

WING SHEE. The beautiful Ah Yoi!

AH YOI. O, kind, fatherly sir, send me some magic powder—that at least I dream of happiness!

WING SHEE. Unhappy—with to-morrow everybody's birthday? (*Tosses up red packet.*) Sweeter dreams to you! But why unhappy?

AH YOI. O, sir, in this house all of us are grains of sand, except my uncle's little son, Hoo Chee.

WING SHEE. I have a son myself, Ah Yoi. What do you think of Wing Sun Luey, Ah Yoi?

AH YOI. I—I——

HOO KING (*within*). Ah Yoi!

WING SHEE. Well, then——?

AH YOI. I——

HOO KING (*within*). Ah Yoi! (*She closes the window, exit.*)

WING SHEE. Then I will try to marry him to you.

CHIM FANG (*his head at cellar steps*). What did you say, learned doctor?

WING SHEE. Only making verses to the moon. Can you think of anything that rhymes with eaves-dropper?

(*Exit L.U. BLACK OUT. CURTAIN.*)

SCENE II

Rise of Curtain. Daylight.

Man off L. Shouts : Nah ! Nah !

CHIM FANG *enters from cellar, smoking pipe.*

Enter Man I, with a tray and bowls on his head shouting : Nah ! Stops before CHIM FANG.

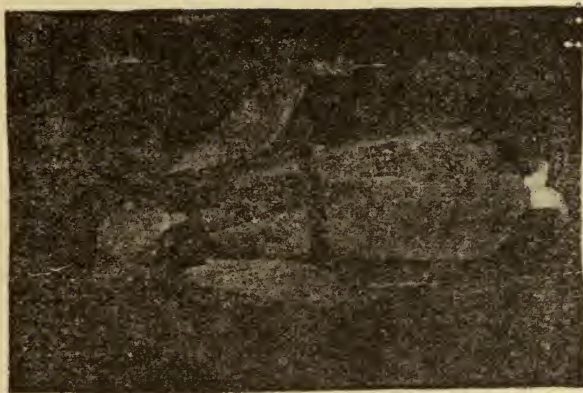
CHIM FANG (*examining wares*). Fresh bamboo shoots ? I cannot afford stale ones. Hong Kong shrimps in wine ? Who buys such luxuries ? (*Man crosses to R. ; enter HOO KING house R. ; sends Man into his house.*) Hoo King lives on them. When I am through with him he will eat more frugally. Most honourable Hoo King, may the New Year fetch all men to love you as I do. (*Salutes.*)

HOO KING (*salutes*). May all the opium in Chinatown, my dear Chim Fang, pass stickily through your fingers. (*Both salute.*)

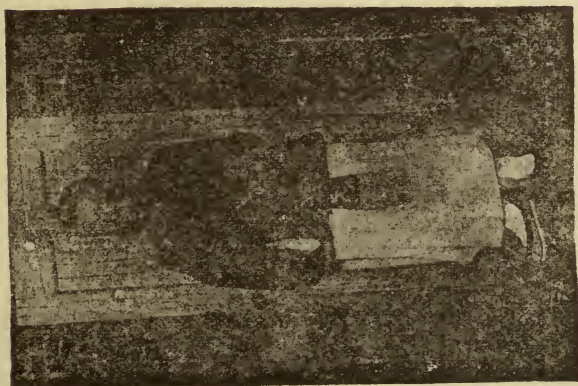
CHIM FANG. Hoo King, it is an extraordinary sum of money you ask, as a present from him who marries your niece ; but Ah Yoi's beauty stirs me so that I will give it. Wish me a son to worship at my grave !

HOO KING. What ? you have as much ? What modesty of clothes, Chim Fang—and this the New Year's day !

CHIM FANG. Sir, I am richer than my laundryman suspects, or he would come and rob me of what



SUN LUEY.



HOO KING.

I owe him. (AH YOI *appears at door.*) For a woman with natural feet, Hoo King, it is a great sum you ask. A woman who can walk without assistance gads about too much alone. I shall have to keep her locked.

HOO KING. Be wise and keep all women locked.

AH YOI. My uncle, I *wish* that I might see the paper dragon walk, in the New Year's procession!

HOO KING. A foolish woman wastes her time in wishes. (AH YOI *turns away.*) Stay, Ah Yoi.

(*Enter two men R.U. ; they stay up tunnel.*)

Chim Fang, may the next New Year bring you a son to worship at your grave. (*Goes up tunnel.*) Here comes the most beloved man in Chinatown, to read the Book of Fate concerning my Hoo Chee. (*He comes down, as enter WING SHEE and SUN LUEY.*) The learned Doctor Wing Shee! Most admirable doctor, may the New Year fetch you twelve moons farther from death! (*Both salute.*)

WING SHEE. When Hoo King took to trade the noble art of words took grievous loss. Vast sir, we two have lusty sons to worship at our graves; we cannot fear to die. And he who fears not death may never fear to live. Your portly front reminds me of the high divinities, and they remind me of a prayer I sent aloft for you just now, in the church of the foreign devils.

CHIM FANG. The church of the white devils?

AH YOI. The Christian Church—they teach many good things.

HOO KING. A husband shall teach you to forget them. The learned Doctor Wing Shee, mumbling to barbarous gods——?

WING SHEE. Hoo King, each of all the clashing creeds has said to me: "Insure your soul with us—or you are damned!" And so I have a little bit on each of them. For in the end, one of these religions may be right, by dint of having swallowed all the

others. And so this morning I have burned rare incense to Confucius, given golden painted candles to Matreya Buddha, and sacrificed a little yellow dog to Lao Tse. Then I went to the foreign devils' temple and sat in a pen with sundry foreign devils—all as devoutly sleepy as I myself; and for one year's safety on my soul, contributed a dollar.

CHIM FANG. A whole dollar——?

WING SHEE. A whole dollar. For if these foreign devils have a god as mighty as they say, then was the dollar wisely spent; but if, on the other hand, their hopes prove slightly false, their reasoning slightly defective—so was the dollar. (*Enter three women, R.U.*)

HOO KING. O learned man! I'll fetch my Cherub to you, quickly. He's gone to buy a cuttle-fish, to feed his good-luck cat. (*Exit, L.U.*)

CHIM FANG. Wasting cuttlefish—on cats! Good doctor, if you could cure my malady, I gladly would owe you a dollar. Every night I dream of roast pigs, running—and I cannot catch one!

WING SHEE. Let me see your tongue. (*Looks at it; beckons to SUN LUEY, who is absorbed in AH YOI; she prompts SUN LUEY, who gives black plasters to WING SHEE, who claps them on CHIM FANG's temples.*) Now see if you can walk. (*CHIM FANG goes L.*) His stomach is as empty as a last year's nest.

AH YOI. Learned doctor, I have such a queerness at the heart! Sometimes, when I look up, it hops—like a frog! (*Glances at SUN LUEY.*)

SUN LUEY. And I, father, the very same complaint!

WING SHEE (*to AH YOI*). I'll hear your heart. (*Listens at her right shoulder.*)

AH YOI. Why, at the foreign devils' school they said my heart was here! (*Left side.*)

WING SHEE. It may have been. A woman's heart shifts back and forth, according to the moon. This malady is incident to youth. The remedy, the oldest in the world; and if I can, I'll get it for you. (*CHIM*

FANG *laughs mockingly*; SUN LUEY *starts as if to threaten him.*) My son! the wooden cheek, the eye of porcelain! It is immodest for a man to wear his feelings on his face. You have too much of your mother in you; no, your father loves you too much to find a fault in you.

SUN LUEY. As deeply as my mother loved her mother, so do I love my father; and may I perish if I once prove disobedient, or love my wife so much as I love you. (*Enter HOO KING, L.U.*)

HOO KING. Ah (*looks off L.*), the little god of love has come! (*Enter HOO CHEE, with his cat, followed by HWAH KWEE, and danced down c. by HOO KING.*) He's shooting up like a young bamboo! And lusty, too, eh, doctor? You say the gods decree that I shall never have another son. Why, then, so be it, if the gods preserve Hoo Chee. For they could never make another like him!

WING SHEE. Ah, my little bunch—your good-luck cat?

AH YOI. O, he's very grave in company; but last night he tied the tail of his cat to the queue of his father.

HWAH KWEE (*who has stolen L.*). Chim Fang——?

CHIM FANG. Don't speak to me here!

HOO KING. Come here, Hwah Kwee! Now, learned doctor, read the book of stars and tell me Hoo Chee's future. If you find evil, I wish I had never been born!

WING SHEE (*receives book from SUN LUEY; from book reads certain Chinese words written therein; pauses*). This is the first day of the New Year. Has every one present sacrificed soap to the water god? (*All bow but CHIM FANG. WING SHEE motions to SAN LUEY, who draws a circle with chalk around CHIM FANG; all take one step farther away from CHIM FANG.*) Now let us chant together Amitahba's sacred name, to guard from error my pronouncings. Omatofa! (*all continue to chant this word in unison, while:)* I

see six tranquil moons. In the seventh moon he falls in love with a maiden too much older. For this administer a draught of henbane tea, in which there has been drowned a fighting cock. All this is good ; but in the first moon a dangerous happening shall fill his father's heart with cruel woe. (HOO KING *stops chanting.*) I see two men lie dead, and one of them was honest and the other foul. Hoo Chee comes forth unharmed. (*All stop chanting.*) (*Exeunt gradually the supernumerary men and women.*)

HOO KING (*joyfully*). Omatofa !

WING SHEE. My friend, a better augury than last year.

HOO KING. But no—those dead men !

WING SHEE. Why, enemies, perhaps ! (*He and HOO KING bend over the child. WING SHEE then picks him up playfully ; during this SUN LUEY gives HWAH KWEE a letter which she hands to AH YOI, who exits, house R.*) Come with me to Ping Fah Lo's, and cheer yourself with a bowl of pig's blood ! (*Goes to bottom of tunnel ; waits.*)

HOO KING. Hwah Kwee, all the town will throng along the line to see the paper dragon walk. At such a time my enemies might choose to harm my boy. Chim Fang has heard them say it could be done. Keep Hoo Chee here. Hoo Chee, if you stray off, the street gods will eat you ! Woman, if any harm befalls my boy, I'll sell you—a thousand miles from here I'll sell you ! (*Turns to WING SHEE.*) That augury of dead men !

WING SHEE. Come, what shall we eat with our blood ?

HOO KING. I cannot eat—there's too much blood in the augury.

WING SHEE. Why, Ping Fah has some linnets' eggs—very fresh—only fifty days from Tartary ! (*Exit, L.U., followed by HOO KING and SUN LUEY.*)

HWAH KWEE. You only play with me. Your eyes are always on Ah Yoi !

CHIM FANG. I? She wears a worth of jewels more than I could buy. Beware of Hoo King with your foolish jealousy. Where is that fan!

HWAH KWEE. I will not steal for you. You want Ah Yoi. I hate you! (*Exit, taking Hoo CHEE, house R.*)

CHIM FANG. Bah! (*Exit, cellar.*) (*Enter AH YOI, house R.*)

AH YOI (*by corner, reading letter, as enter SUN LUEY, L.U. He comes and stands around corner from her.*) "To-day, if your eyes be as true as your face is pure, tell me your heart with your lips. For the things that my father can do are little short of godlike!"

SUN LUEY. Ah Yoi, let me hear you speak to me once!

AH YOI. Sh! O, do look the other way! How dreadful that I, a well-bred girl, should speak to a man.

SUN LUEY. My father has gone to ask your uncle. I want you for my wife. Is it good, Ah Yoi?

AH YOI. What if your father fail, Sun Luey? I almost thought Chim Fang had found a way to tempt my uncle.

SUN LUEY. My father—fail——?

AH YOI. My uncle cares for nothing but money—and for his little son.

SUN LUEY. My father never fails, my beautiful one! How strange, Ah Yoi, that you, a woman, can read and write!

AH YOI. O, yes, Sun Luey, and add up numbers. When I am yours, you will teach me even more?

SUN LUEY. I promise. But, indeed, men will laugh at me.

AH YOI. And you must promise to love me more than you love your father.

SUN LUEY. No! That is a sin you learned from foreign devils. We should both be damned for it.

AH YOI. I did not mean it, Luey. But I shall love you more than I love my uncle, whether it be

right or wrong. I—— (*Both take alarm at some one's approach, L.U. She hurries into the house, R. Enter WING SHEE, L.U.*)

WING SHEE (*divining what has happened*). The turtle doves mate early this spring!

SUN LUEY. Why back so soon, father?

WING SHEE. I have spoken to Hoo King. He says he has promised Ah Yoi to Chim Fang.

SUN LUEY. Chim Fang? That man's a barber's son—a sodden beast! I'll wear a hatchet in my sleeve for him!

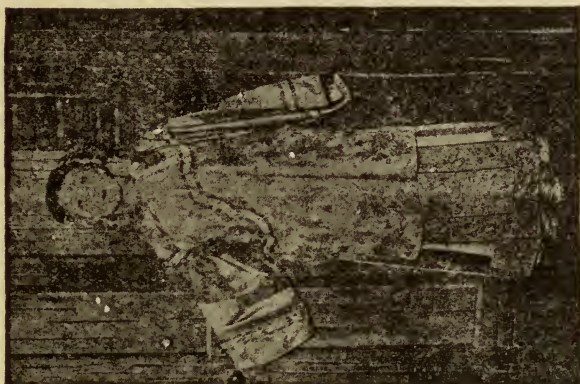
WING SHEE (*always calm*). My son, the wooden cheek, the eye of porcelain. Look at your father. In sixty-five years your father never has been so boiling with rage—as he is this moment. Sun Luey, you love Ah Yoi—I dare not say how much.

SUN LUEY. I love my father more—I told her so.

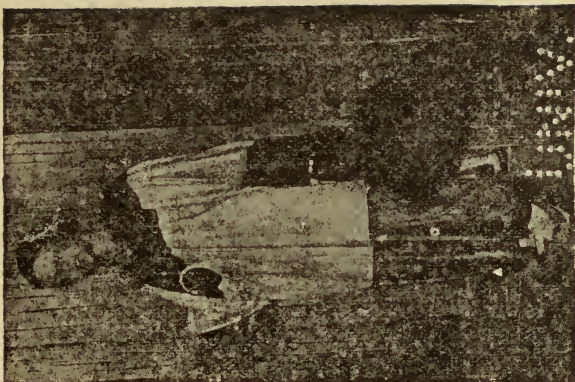
WING SHEE. Emperor of Western Heaven, can you look upon such filial piety and yet refuse our prayer? Chim Fang shall not marry Ah Yoi. Chim Fang has no money. He under-eats; and I never knew a rich man yet who did not sometimes over-eat. Now I command you: whosoever has an emotion, let him keep it under cover, lest it catch cold and perish. I go to a pleasant function; a list of friends have given me a richly lacquered coffin, saying that my services have kept them out of theirs. I go to drink long life with them and try my coffin on. (*Goes up.*) Sun Luey, if the new coffin fits comfortably, you shall have my old one!

SUN LUEY. O, father! (*Exit WING SHEE, L.U. Gong heard off L. SUN LUEY goes to cellar steps; HWAH KWEE comes from house, R.*) Chim Fang! Chim Fang, has Hoo King promised you Ah Yoi? He says so. (*Enter CHIM FANG, cellar.*)

(*Enter a man and two women, R.U.; they stop at back.*)



AH YOI.



HWAI KWEK.

HWAH KWEE. Oh, the black villain! Chim Fang promised me! He lied to me! (*Gong.*)

CHIM FANG. I lied to no one. When Ah Yoi is Chim Yoi, Hwah Kwee may be our servant!

HWAH KWEE. Servant, you snake! I dare not tell Hoo King; he'd beat me—he'd kill me! O, how you lied to me! (*Gong.*)

SUN LUEY. You shall never marry Ah Yoi! The gods will never let you live to marry Ah Yoi! (*Exit, L.U.*)

*(Enter two women, L.U., and two men, R.U.—
stop at back.)*

CHIM FANG *(to Sun Luey)*. You doll! (*Gong.*)

HWAH KWEE. Ah Yoi knows your plot. Though they starve her, though they beat her to a pulp, she will not marry you! (*Gong.*)

CHIM FANG. I'll sell her out—the handsome flesh! I'll take the white devils' nonsense out of her! (*Gong.*) To-day the dragon walks! (*Exit, R.*) *(Enter two men R.U.; they stop at back. Gong and cymbals.)*

HWAH KWEE. I will see the dragon walk! The worst of slaves may see the dragon walk! *(Starts up; HOO CHEE follows; returns.)* If you stray from this spot the dragon will come and eat you! Stay there!

(Gong and cymbals, ad libitum, off L.U., as a procession passes. She runs up. CHIM FANG appears at cellar steps. He tempts the child with an orange. The child runs to him. He seizes the child, which screams, and carries down his cellar. HWAH KWEE has seen the child pass and she struggles until she gets out of the crowd, and comes down.)

*(Enter HOO KING, L.U.) (All men and women
at back, exeunt L.U.)*

HOO KING. Woman, I do not see my child. Where is he?

HWAH KWEE. He—he went there (L.). Hoo Chee! Hoo Chee! He went there! (*Gong, etc., diminuendo off L.*)

HOO KING. Hoo Chee! Hoo Chee!

HWAH KWEE. Hoo Chee!

HOO KING. He cannot have passed the crowd there! (L.) Where is he?

HWAH KWEE. He's gone!

HOO KING. Gone? The boy's lost! He's stolen! Hoo Chee! (*Enter three men, L.U.*) Help, help, friends, they've stolen my boy! Go, go, hunt for my boy! (*Exeunt the three men, R.U.*) This swine has let them steal him! (*Strikes HWAH KWEE on "swine"—she falls.*) Hoo Chee! (*Exit L.*) Hoo Chee! Hoo Chee! (*Enter CHIM FANG, R.U.*)

HWAH KWEE. Pity—Kwanyin—pity! Hoo Chee—Hoo Chee——!

CHIM FANG. What's this? Hoo Chee lost?

HWAH KWEE. Chim Fang, for Kwanyin's sake take me away! You swore upon your soul you would. Hoo King will kill me! Chim Fang!

CHIM FANG. Get off, you faithless woman—dishonest—false to your charge! I'll not look at you!

(*Enter HOO KING, L.*)

HOO KING. By every evil star, I'll sell you! Strip off those ornaments, you barber's wench! (*Pulls pins from her hair, throws her in at house R.*) Chim Fang, do you remember the bloody augury? What can I do? (*Enter WING SHEE and SUN LUEY, R.*) (*Enter two men, R.U.*)

CHIM FANG. Hoo King, such a holy thing to me is friendship that I will risk my life to save your boy. I think your enemies of the Sing Song Tong have taken him. There will be blood, indeed, Hoo King, and blood is slippery matter. (*Enter AH YOI, house R.*) But if I return alive and bring you back your boy, will you make a present of your niece to me?

AH YOI. Not unless I'm dead! (*Enter two men, R.U.*)

HOO KING. I'll make a present of my niece to any man who brings me back my boy!

SUN LUEY. Will you give her to me, if I bring back your boy?

HOO KING. Yes, and with jewels to make her glitter like a goddess! My noble Chim Fang! Scatter, friends! If any poor man will prove himself my benefactor, now—O, now! (*Exit L.U. Exeunt two men, R.U.; and two L.U.*) Hoo Chee! Hoo Chee!

SUN LUEY. Father——!

WING SHEE (*after a pause*). Cool veins! Cool veins! The wooden cheek—the eye of porcelain. I'll grease the gods for you. (*Goes cellar opening.*) “My noble Chim Fang”——! I would not have you come to grief. I would rather bring grief to you. (*Exit, L.*)

SUN LUEY. Ah Yoi—I'm going to find the boy! A kiss before I go! Let custom fly—a kiss!

AH YOI. O, no woman ever did such things! Luey, I wish you would not go. Those men with hidden knives and pistols! I cannot lose you!

SUN LUEY. Think of my reward! Think of our little home: my dear old father, you and I—all in one little house! Yoi, my beautiful! (*Kisses her.*)

AH YOI. Oh! What a foreign devil thing to do! You mustn't! (*He is about to repeat, when they hear some one; she exit house, R. He exit R. Enter CHIM FANG, R.U., with a letter.*)

CHIM FANG. “Send the money before to-morrow noon, or you shall receive the boy's head in a basket!” (*Puts letter at HOO KING's door, R.*) Now, rich avarice, I'll have your niece for nothing, and I'll have your money, too! (*Exit, cellar. Enter HWAH KWEE, house R., with bundle—picks up letter.*)

HWAH KWEE. Chim Fang! I wish I did not know your step so well. I wish I could read. It's for Hoo King, anyway. Then let it fail! (*Tears it*

up.) I'll give myself to the Christians—they cannot be worse than you! (*Runs off R.U.*) (*Enter HOO KING, followed by Man I, L.*)

HOO KING. The woman was in league with them! They have bribed her. I'll lock her in! (*Locks house R.*) I'll beat the truth from her when I come back. Come, friend! Hoo Chee! (*Exit R.*) Hoo Chee!

(SUN LUEY enters, L.U.—*listens at walls, R.*

Enter CHIM FANG, cellar.)

CHIM FANG. Seek and seek, you hot young fool. Too keen a scent will bring you to the smell of dust! Stick to your father's coat sleeve, pretty boy!

SUN LUEY. I'll search your cellar next.

CHIM FANG. Young man, I do not like your manner. A more apologetic way besuits your youth.

SUN LUEY. I will not change my manner. I'll search your secret burrows as I have the rest.

CHIM FANG. Hold off! Find business of your own, or I will find it for you!

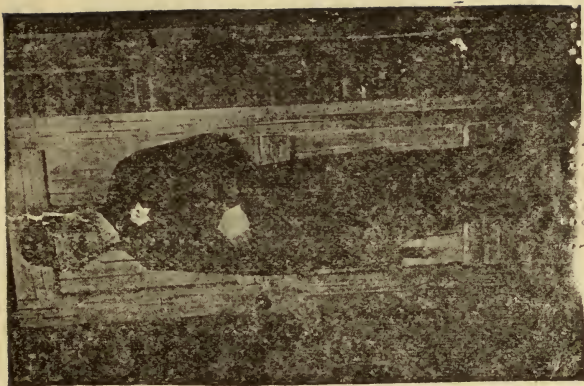
SUN LUEY. I'll find it here! (*Knocks him over, exit, cellar; CHIM FANG follows him down.*) Hoo Chee! Hoo Chee! Hoo——! (*As if hurt. SUN LUEY staggers up the steps, bringing the child without the Cat.*) Yoi—Yoi——! I've found the boy! You're mine now! Yoi——!

AH YOI (*in house*). Sun Luey——

(SUN LUEY has to let the child down, as CHIM FANG enters from the cellar, brandishing knife. SUN LUEY leans on the child, suffering.) It's all well, now! Yoi! (*CHIM FANG stabs him, child screams.*) Ah! (*Exit CHIM FANG, cellar, carrying child.*) (SUN LUEY falls, down L.)

AH YOI (*rattling door, crescendo*). Sun Luey! Luey—speak to me—speak to me! Luey—Luey—help! Help! (*Continues to call.*)

(*Enter HOO KING, R.U., shoving HWAH KWEE before him. Also several women.*)



THE POLICEMAN.



HOO CHEE.

HOO KING. Thief! Thief! I paid six hundred dollars for you! And when you steal yourself from me you steal six hundred dollars!

HWAH KWEE (*at sight of SUN LUEY'S body*). Aah——! (*Enter several men, R. and L.U.*)

HOO KING. Ah! Sun Luey—Sun Luey! Help! They've killed a man before my very door! They steal my child, and then they kill a man, before my very door! (*Unlocks door; enter AH YOI, with scream*)

AH YOI. Luey——! (*Then she goes and kneels beside body; also HWAH KWEE and one of the women.*) Luey—speak——! My golden one—my golden one! (*Sees he is dead.*) Ah, his soul has lost its body! Call to it—call to it!

THE THREE WOMEN (*as enter WING SHEE, L.U.*). Come back! Come back! Sun Luey—come back——!

(*At the name, WING SHEE pushes through the crowd; kneels at body; all wait for his verdict, as his head goes to LUEY'S breast.*)

(*WING SHEE shows that his son is dead. Rises with tremendous effort for self-control. Achieves control; stands rigid. Enter CHIM FANG, running, R.*)

CHIM FANG. O, merciless gods—what villain's crime is this——! (*WING SHEE'S head slowly turns; eyes fix on CHIM FANG. Tableau.*)

BLACK OUT. CURTAIN.

SCENE III

Curtain rises on a foggy midnight. Lanterns out.

(Long foghorn off R. Enter HOO KING, house R.)

HOO KING. A chill fog, from the lonely sea. *(Foghorn.)* They have a mighty sea-devil, chained to the solid rocks among the surge, to warn the passing ships; and they torture it, even as my misery tortures me. O, sea-devil, where is my little Hoo Chee! *(Foghorn.) (Enter WING SHEE L.U.)*

AH YOI *(always a prolonged wail within house R.)*. Sun Luey——!

WING SHEE. Sun Luey——! Hoo King, have you heard any news?

HOO KING. No. Have you?

WING SHEE. No. *(Foghorn.)*

AH YOI. Sun Luey——!

WING SHEE. Sun Luey——!

HOO KING. "Sun Luey"—the women cry it out of them. She's gone mad. I cannot go mad. *(Foghorn.)* O, deep devil of the sea, have you seen my little Hoo Chee's spirit, floating by to blank infinity?

WING SHEE. Go in, Hoo King. Get rest. To-morrow, meet me here. Put on your coat of mail, Hoo King. Go in. *(Opens door and pushes HOO KING in; shuts door. Crosses to bench; sits.)* The weak man lingers over yesterday. To-morrow is unborn. The strong man's hour is now. The evil shades have taken from me—my only son. Who

else but Chim Fang could have done it? Though Hwah Kwee burns with jealousy, may not the things she says be true? Chim Fang has a wicked dungeon there beneath our feet—the Emperor of Hell knows what he does with it. If Chim Fang has the boy, then Chim Fang—killed my son! (*Goes cellar steps; listens; hears nothing. Goes down L.; kneels, lights prayer paper.*) Emperor of Western Heaven, can you remember such filial piety as his and yet withhold a sign? (*Listens.*) The gods are silent. (*Foghorn.*)

AH YOI. Sun Luey——!

WING SHEE. Sun Luey——! (*Rises, suddenly listens. Cat's mew heard. Twice repeated. It leads him to the cellar. Exit WING SHEE, cellar. Sound of breaking wood.*) (*Long Foghorn.*)

AH YOI. Sun Luey——!

(*Re-enter WING SHEE, carrying child and cat, cellar steps. Crosses and puts down child on step of house, R.*) (*Foghorn.*)

WING SHEE (*meanwhile*). Sh! Sh! Sh! Sh!

AH YOI. Sun Luey——!

WING SHEE (*about to open door*). Sun Luey——
(*Opens door, puts child inside; closes door; with conviction.*) Chim Fang!

HOO CHEE (*within*). Kwee! Yoi! Papa! Papa!

HOO KING (*within*). Chee! Chee! Chee! My son—my son! Light candles before the goddess of mercy! Hoo Chee! Hoo Chee!

(*Foghorn. Light from R., as from part of house, shines now on to bench at L.C.*)

AH YOI. Sun Luey——!

HOO KING. Peace, girl—has not my son returned? Chee!—Chee——!

WING SHEE. Sun Luey——! (*Kneels L.C., as before; lights prayer paper.*) Spirits of my forefathers,

soon will I offer human sacrifice. Send me Chim Fang!

(He listens; presently starts; listens; enter CHIM FANG, L.U.—sees WING SHEE, starts—draws back into the tunnel. WING SHEE, without looking, rises and exit R., watched by CHIM FANG.)

CHIM FANG *(coming towards cellar)*. Why does he burn prayer papers—on the very spot? Why do I hear nothing from my letter? A miserable night! I wish I lived away from here. *(Starts down cellar; draws back.)* No—suppose there is some one lying in wait for me there——? *(Re-enter WING SHEE, R.; CHIM FANG starts and turns his back.)*

WING SHEE. Does Chim Fang scorn me in my sorrow? Even thus do the virtuous shun those whom the gods have punished for their sins!

CHIM FANG. Is that you, Wing Shee? This dreadful deed so sits upon my mind that I walk hither and thither, not knowing where. O, that I had been here, to kill the coward when he raised his hand!

WING SHEE. Such friendly, comforting words, Chim Fang. Come, sit here and let us talk. *(They sit, as in first scene.)* At such a time as this a man draws near his friends as a sick and hooted dog slinks in to shiver by the fire. I am all alone in this icy world, Chim Fang. My son is dead; and old age reaches out its bony hand for me, Chim Fang.

CHIM FANG. Have you learned anything? Do you suspect any one?

WING SHEE. I know.

CHIM FANG. Whom? Tell me whom? *(Foghorn.)*

AH YOI. Sun Luey——!

WING SHEE. Sun Luey——!

CHIM FANG. The girl's gone mad! Why don't they gag her! *(Foghorn.)*

AH YOI. Sun Luey——!

WING SHEE. Sun Luey——!

CHIM FANG. Tell me who it is, Wing Shee—and you and I will kill him! The night favours the deed. Ugh—a creepy night, somehow.

WING SHEE. Sit close, Chim Fang. What, you wear a coat of mail? Wise in these times. What you say is excellent, Chim Fang. None but you and I shall be there. None but you and I shall know. The murderer shall not die quickly, Chim Fang. He shall see me and hear my voice in his ears. Shall it not be so, Chim Fang? For he killed my son—my only son.

CHIM FANG. Yes, yes—tell me who did it! Let us go now, before sunrise. Let me know that the murderer is dead, then we shall have peace. This thing eats my heart. Tell me who it is; and though he be my dearest friend—what, you fear me?

WING SHEE. No. Speak low; listen; the man stabbed him here. (*Touches CHIM FANG.*) What, are you cold?

CHIM FANG. No. No.

WING SHEE. My son walked there. It was the same man who stole Hoo Chee and carried him underground. He wanted money, to marry Ah Yoi. My son met the man, and the man stabbed him. (*CHIM FANG begins to draw knife, leaning away.*) The man ran down your cellar—out upon another street—came running there, Chim Fang—and threw up his hands and said——

(*Both jump up and WING SHEE hits CHIM FANG with hatchet as CHIM FANG is about to stab him; knife drops; WING SHEE begins to strangle CHIM FANG with CHIM FANG'S queue.*)

He raised his hands to Heaven, I say, and cried: “O merciless gods, what villain’s crime is this!”—there, looking on my son, whom he had slain! Him that I slaved in the wars for—dreamt for—planned for—lived for—would have died for! Do you smell

the awful fumes of Hell ? See Sun Luey's ghost ! It walks in dripping blood ! No greater grief than this. He died—and could not speak—to those that loved him !

(He lets body fall back.)

It will
not bring me back my boy ! *(Foghorn.)*

AH YOI. Sun Luey—— !

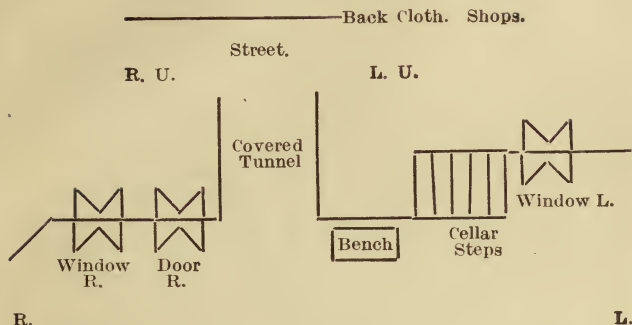
WING SHEE. Sun Luey—— ! *(Fiercely finishes strangling.)* He died and could not speak—to those that loved him—— !

(Surveys body ; hears sound ; hurriedly prepares body in sitting position against himself ; lights cigar ; enter Policeman, R.U.)

Chim Fang, a wise saying is soon said. Look at the man whom lust of gold, of flesh, of power, makes glitter like false tinsel. Then look at his dead body. I tell you no such man has ever ended life but in the secret chambers of his mind. and by the measure of his crimes, he died in horrid fright.

(Exit Policeman, R. WING SHEE goes up tunnel. Body rolls off on ground. Exit WING SHEE, L.U.)

CURTAIN.



THE CAT AND THE CHERUB. Essentials of the Scene.

THE CAT AND THE CHERUB

PROPERTY LIST

Chinese lanterns.

Incense sticks. Bench for two to sit on. Fog-Horn.

WING SHEE: Large horn spectacles. Small butcher's cleaver: the "hatchet." Red packet, size of matchbox, weighted to throw. Cigars, matches, red paper to burn.

CHIM FANG: Knife. Orange. Long pipe with small bowl. Tobacco.

SUN LUEY: Large book. Chalk. Black court plasters, size of halfpenny. Red letter.

HOO CHEE. Black kitten.

HWAH KWEE: Small bundle of clothes, tied in a cloth.

First Supernumerary: Bowls and a tray.

GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA—BERKELEY

RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

8 APR 3 4 10
MAR 25 1954

MAR 10 1970

APR 14 1970

JUL - 6 1970 6 1/2

REC'D LD OCT 170 -5 PM 27

AUG 13 1982

JAN 6 1985

REC. CIR. MAY 11 1982

REC. CIR. MAY 11 1984

Binder

Gaylord Bros., Inc.

Stockton, Calif.

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C055182701

M26512

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

